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POETRY.

Alphabetical description of what a Husband should be.

Always at home, by night and by day.

Room-sticks and cradles may come in his way;

Gold dinners and spinning-wheels never annoy.

Direct, frank and manly, diffusing much joy.

Ever seeming much pleased, though his heart

should be breaking.

Freedom and jollity he should never be taking.

Good, gracious and bountiful, never despising.

His efforts to keep his bad temper from rising.

In every position, if high, or if low.

Joyful and witty, and always "just so."

Kind, tender and thoughtful, despising all strife.

Loving home, but not brandy, and good to his

wife.

Merciful, affectionate, pious and true.

Never dissembling and never get blue.

Onward and upward, forever aspiring.

Prudent and careful, of good never tiring.

Quiet and amiable, never teasing for dinner.

Refusing to associate with very bad sinners.

Sustaining a character for integrity bright.

Trustful, but ready to stand for his right.

Uniting in friendship with good men and wise.

Very careful to hear when the youngest one cries.

Willful and obstinate he never should seem.

Xanthippe may scold, but what's that to him?

You'll have your troubles, if not crying sin.

Zeal was always in pretty good trim.

Why should husbands take pattern from

him?

VERMONT, June 1858.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Man marries his own Daughter.

The following wonderful and strange

story, which we copy from the columns of

the *Court Journal* is as full of terrible

romance as any of the wild legends of the

middle ages. But for the high authority

which endorses it, who should find it difficult

to believe in its reality:

In the year 1880, a young Polish gen-

tleman, of birth and distinction was mar-

ried to a young lady of his own rank in

life, with the full and entire approval of

parents on both sides. Scarcely had the

young couple entered into this new state

of life, in which every prospect of happi-

ness seemed secured to them when the re-

volt broke out, and the young husband, in

spite of his peculiar position, hesitated

not a moment to leave all and join the

patriots who were setting forth to combat

for their country.

The wife, nothing daunted by the dan-

gers to which she was to be exposed, left

in secret her home and family to follow

the fortunes of her husband. The perils

and frightful privations she underwent

in the search after him can scarcely be de-

scribed. She never beheld him more; for,

arrived at a certain village where a terri-

ble skirmish had been fought, she was told

that her husband, who had led the Polish

party against the Russians, had perished

in the combat, and been buried on the

field of the encounter that very morning.

The news acted as a death blow to the

poor young wife, who, succored at a cot-

tage by the wayside by a family of poor

peasants at the very risk and peril of their

lives, remained in a state of delirium for

several days, and died after having pre-

maturely given birth to a daughter, but

without having once recovered reason suf-

ficient to give directions or recommenda-

tions concerning the disposal of the infant.

All that the peasants could tell was the

fact of the evident gentle birth of the

lady, which was apparent from the re-

cherche nature of her dress, and the qual-

ity of the few jewels found in her posses-

sion. The poor cottagers knew not what

to do in their embarrassment, and be-

thought themselves of the owner of the

chateau, to whom their village and all it

contained belong of right. The baby was

borne thither by the family, and the heart

of the childless lady beat with tenderness

on beholding the little pale flower thus

left to perish, unless rescued from the

rough treatment it was destined to ex-

perience with the peasants.

The child was taken by the lady at first

as a mere duty, and because of its help-

lessness, but as it grew up it became so

entwined around that lady's affections

that she had but one dread—lest her hus-

band, who was engaged on distant service,

should, when he returned home, object to

the adoption of the little orphan. This,

however, so far from being the case, proved

to be the reverse. General Count C—

was moved to tenderness at the story, and

at once took the poor infant to his bosom,

as his wife had done already. In the

course of time it was deemed expedient

to adopt her in legal form, as they had

already done in their affections. The

ceremonies necessary were gone through,

the Emperor's consent was obtained, and

the poor little deserted orphan, of unknown

birth and parentage, became in nature and

fortune one of the greatest heiresses of

Posen.

Some few years ago, the new governor,

despatched by the military authorities, ar-

rived in great state, to take possession of

his new dignity, and, during his initiation,

was invited to spend some little time at

the chateau. Here he became deeply en-

amored of the orphan and, by his brilliant wit and charming manners, soon captivated her affections. The lover was no longer young, but still in the prime of manhood, while the maiden, accustomed to the almost exclusive society of her adopted parents, looked upon her suitor without objection to the difference of age.

In a few short months after his appointment to the high station we have mentioned, the young lady was married to the brilliant officer, and the peasants of the district still mention, in terms of admiration and astonishment, the wondrous doings, the fireworks and waterworks, the horse-racing and ringing matches which took place upon the occasion. Shortly after the marriage, the husband took his wife to the seat of his government, where she soon became the admired of all beholders, and is celebrated in that part of Poland, in certain verses which were sung before the Emperor on his visit to the place, as the "Morning Star of P—." In short, for several years all went merry as a marriage bell.

At the end of that period, only two years since, the death of the adoptive mother of the lady caused the disclosure which we have made, and which, not by any means necessary for the marriage, became indispensable for the arrangement of the inheritance after death. At the first word contained in the documents left by the dying lady in the cottage, on hearing the names and dates therein mentioned, the miserable husband sank senseless to the floor—he could not fail to recognize his own offspring in his wife, the mother of his children now standing beside him, and felt himself a guilty and a stricken man.

At the close of the struggle for independence, when the Poles, beaten on all sides, were forced to submit, Captain Z— had tendered his resignation to Russia, and had acquired titles and honors under the Russian government, although conscience had so stung him that he had deemed it expedient to demand a change of name, which under cover of his new title, had been willingly granted.

Immediate measures were taken to obtain the advice and protection of the Pope who, after due deliberation, pronounced the marriage valid and the children legitimate, but of course exacted immediate separation. There was no need of this decree. Long before it had arrived at P—, the husband had become a gloomy maniac, and had exchanged the brilliant palace he occupied for the stone walls and solitary cell to which he was perforce conveyed beneath the care of the doctors of the place.

The curse of heaven stands before him night and day; the malediction incurred by his desertion of his country's cause is regarded by the poor madman as having brought down this terrible judgment on his head. For two long years did the unhappy wife attend him with the most devoted care; but the medical attendants having declared that her presence was contrary to his recovery, she was resolved at length to come to Paris and seek in the distractions and interests of that place some little soothing to her wounded spirit. Of course the society of Paris is divided into two camps—the one adopting her as its *protégée*, *quand même*, the other refusing to acknowledge her, or to admit her into its most sacred precincts.

Much curiosity is expressed to learn what attitude will be assumed by the Empress, as the story is so well known, known, and the name of the lady grown so familiar in Parisian mouths, in consequence of the discussions which are openly going on about the affair, that it has become the great social problem of the hour. Meanwhile the lady may be seen daily taking her drive in the Champs Elysees and her two girls, of six and four years of age, prattling merrily by her side. We should not, for our part, have given it as the only story from Paris of the week had it not occupied us, the initiated, entirely; and we can guarantee every word of the wondrous tale as being the most solemn and lamentable truth.

AARON BURR'S DAUGHTER IN LUCK.—A correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* says that a natural daughter of Aaron Burr, and his residuary legatee, comes curiously into possession of quite a fortune, in this way: Burr held a lease from Trinity Church for the Richmond Hill property, three or four hundred lots in the centre of New York, for 66 years. He re-leased the land for 63 years to Astor and others, and their lease expires in 1860. The lease for three years then belongs to Burr's daughter, and the claim is indisputable and the value of the lease very great. Already several of the lessees have compromised the claim for from \$1500 to \$2000 per lot.

AN INCIDENT IN A GROCERY.—On one of the corners of Mercer street there is a low drinking house. All around the bar-room there are arranged small tables, on which, of an evening, some of the frequenters are resting their glasses, but more are shuffling half-worn cards. There is no name over the door, nor any number upon it; it seems to be no part of the keeper's plan to attract transient patronage, but rather to depend on "a regular line of customers," a dozen of whom were assembled sometime after 11 one night last week, where they might have realized as much fun as Swedenborg's evil spirits in the delights of their odium but for a most abrupt interruption just as our reporter chanced to be crossing into Broadway.

"I want Andrew O'Neil!" The men at the bar and the sitters by the table looked towards the door, where stood a young woman, poorly but not shabbily dressed, in whose unspoiled face hope and desire were struggling with despair. "I want Andrew O'Neil!" There was an energy behind the almost calm voice of the woman, and at this second summons, a middle-aged man with a pock-marked face, and in whose mixed blood the Scotch seemed to predominate, got up and heavily moved toward the door.

"What are you here for, and away from home again, Mrs.?"

"For you, for you, O'Neil; you're not to be here spending your money, and me washing the long day."

"Go about your business—you might be ashamed here among the Mercer street women. I'm not going with you, so start off, and the sooner the better."

"Will you say that to me? Come here now."

And saying this, the woman caught at her husband's cap with one hand, and pulled him by the arm with the other, when the brute pushed her in the face, and sought to excite his fellows against her by vile epithets; but the first jerk he raised made the woman frantic, and snatching for an oyster knife, she rushed upon him with such wild fury, that he was rescued with difficulty by the keeper of the house and one or two bystanders.

"Is this the way you talk to me, you white-faced villain—is this what you promised when I left my good home? Look me in the face, you skulk, and speak, if you saw ever, or heard ever aught against me as maid or wife? I've not in the house what's comfortable, and you here drinking and playing away the money I should have for the boys. How dare you look at me?"

The crazed woman shrieked this rather than spoke it, and the landlord, annoyed by the crowd gathering at his door, interfered to get her off; he told her to go about her business; that if she was a decent woman she wouldn't be disturbing the town, and intimating where the door was, out of which she must go.

"Do you tell me to go? do you know anything of me that's not decent? I'm O'Neil's lawful wife. I'm the mother of his two boys (stepping close to him and drawing herself unconsciously up